



Dr. *Anthony*

Turn'd *POET* and *ASTROLOGER*.

Planets and Aspects I will four (power),
And cause the Signs to own my
By making some, the rest devour.

Gemini, Cancer, I will toss
On Horns of Aries, and Taurus,
Leo, Virgo, Sagitarius,
Libra, Pisces, and Aquarius,
With *Scorpio*, shall each be torn
Like Ivy Leaves, from Tree in Morn,
By that He-Goat, old *Capricorn*.

Saturn and Mars, I will affront
And clapperclaw fair *Venus* rump,
For I'll by help of telescope
See what's beneath Hoop-peticoat,
Jupiter I'll so twirl about
That *Mercury* shan't find him out,
At Noon bright *Sol*, in Face I'll stare
Let changing *Luna*, then beware,
And *Dragon's Tail*, I off will tear.

Sextile, Quartile, and Conjunction,
Trine, Opposition, by compulsion,
Shall obey my strict injunction.

A

Strange

Strange revolutions ye shall hear,
When I do soar a loft in Air.

ON Monday Night like an old Calt
Lmusing o're the fire fate,
Till 12 a Clock as I conjecture

Yet Joan had scarcely ended lecture,
Four hours she held forth compleat
In learned strains of Billing's-gate;
Her doctrine sure I'll nere forget
Poor creature did so foam and sweat,
Till tatter'd shift, was dripping wet,
I'd wager 'crown when she is vex'd
Let the word Husband be her Text;
She'l mold it into any fashion
Different form or appellation,
Concluding with sharp application.
Besides her Lungs so tough are made,
I dare be hang'd when she doth jade.

Just as the watch proclaimed one
My Blowzabella laid her down,
Whilst I on her discourse was poreing
Till rouz'd by her confounded snoring,
Then thief like I, stole to my bed,
Where whims, not sleep possess'd my head.

And first I did reflect upon
The hardships I had undergone,
When I was Mountebank or Quack,
By carrying stage upon my Back;
And how with pole my nose I'd thump,
Till flatten'd like to Goose's rump;
Yet all too small accounts did turn
Some days I scarce would 6 pence earn.

The

The medicines I prescrib'd I fear,
The poorer sort cannot come near,
(For leg of mutton's pleaugy dear)
Ye who can buy it eat your fill,
With Turnip or Potatoe pill;
To learned Doctors I appeal,
If e're good rump of Beef did fail;
To ease a stomach sharp and craving,
Except t'were gorg'd to provoke heaving;
The want of this most wholesome dish,
(For which I very often wish)
The want of this I say and money
Hatb foul diseases rais'd in many,
Such as grumbling in the gizzard,
With bagged looks, thin as wizard;
In guts it causeth mighty gripeing
With slender stools scarce worth sk—g,
Great watering likewise of the chops
At sav'ry smell of our Cooks-shops,
These I say do mostly rise
By slighting of my remedies,
Bnt ye may blame your selves not me
Who gave advice without a fee.

Again,

I view'd my present circumstance,
And found i'th' World I did advance,
Such pleasing thoughts did fancy tickle
To think how I my self did wriggle,
Into apparel fine as Beau
Good coat, campaign, and tilter too,
Then straight I fell to wracking Brain,
Which way this grandder to maintain
And not appear in Rags again;

Which

Which now have banish'd out of sight,
Cause my Son Toney they did fright.
Who cry'd Mamma, see ragg'd-tripe;
Now since my fortune it doth rise
I have improv'd my faculties,
For which end (unknown to bride)
Two able Tinkers I've employ'd,
Who've cleans'd and sauder'd my Brain-pan,
Tho' furr'd with dirt like wooden-cann.

One who hath, a poetick vein
Held fast his Nose then out did strain,
Some slimy juice distill'd from Brain;
The precious stuff that trickl'd down,
He strait infus'd into my crown;
Dr. quoth he you now may Rhyme,
Your words Spontaneously will Chyme.

The other taught Astrology
A quandam pupil to Lilly,
Who was well vers'd in palmistry.
He could tell when maids were cross'd,
And find out goods e're they were lost;
To shew you he was good at something,
He'd tell your meaning by your mumping;
This learned sage fix'd me in chair,
Bidding me full in's face to stare,
Which when I did I stunk thro' fear;
Then setting on a stearn look,
Down he reached conjuring-book;
My Son said he see you be true,
To Ptolemy and all our crew;
And that you ne're will forsake us,
You now must swear by Simon Magus,

I trembling took the Book and said,
What Sir, must I be conjurer made?
Quoth he that thing call'd conjurer,
Is nothing but a meer Bugbear,
With which we gull poor simple folks,
Relating tales of John a Noakes.
If so said I what need I swear?
Why, that this trnth you'll not declare,
If that be all I am content,
I'll hide the truth, and lies I'll vent:
Then placing large cap on my scull,
That was of Signs and Planets full;
As Sun, He-goat, the Ram and Bull:
Thought I my head's like Drapers-shop,
Painted like Firmament at top;
Be snre said he this cap you wear,
At Nights when you on Planets stare,
For knowledge you may suck from thence,
By learning of their influence.

With that he drew a mighty circle,
And having posted me i'th' middle,
He went directly to meal-tub,
And out, a whisking globe did lug,
Kneel down quoth he and you I'll dub:
Since you approve of our alliance,
I'll Knight you one, o'th' starry-science,
Then mumbling o're a sett of words,
Like good old Wife counting her beads:
He with a wand, touch'd me light
Crying arise, Star-groping-Knight;
So having hug'd and sweetly kiss'd me,
With benedictions he dismiss'd me.

Then

Then homeward I, did nimbly trip,
To see my Joan, now Ladyship.

Now Sirs to write my Fingers itch,
Yet I'm at loss on what to pitch;
To write on politicks I fear,
And physick will not charges clear,
And plays are quite above my sphere;
But what can be for him too high
Who plain can read the starry Skye,
Whose charming face shall be my Theam.
At lower objects I'll not aim.

But reading of an Almanack
Writ by ingenious Mr. K——p:
I found my senses nigh confounded,
By several queries he propounded,
There were Enigma's for to please ye
And Paradoxes that wou'd teaze ye,
With Questions in Arithmetick,
I'm cock-sure wou'd pozele old Ni-k.

As for the Paradoxical
I can solve one, and that is all,
The sense doth to this purpose run,
There is a place beneath the Sun;
Of a pure and wholesome Air,
Yet 'tis impossible a pair,
Should agree, the space of minute,
That is my Bed, or De-ls in it;
If I mistake, I'm content
To forfeit all th' Fleas that's in't:
His Enigma's I've found out,
But if ye seem, the truth to doubt,
Ye soon may hear 'em crying about

I've

I've likewise writ some of my own
Which to the publick shall be shewn,
If they will but encourage me
I'll please 'em with variety,
Tho' I'll allow 'em but a week
Into their mysteries, to peep,
If none do solve 'em, in that time
I'll do it, in facetious rhyme,
Don't think that I'll 12 months expect
An answer with my mouth erect,
Like country man at new sign gaping,
Or bear when he for dog is waiting.

His questions mathematical,
(For so I think he doth 'em call)
Were worded with such knotty stuff,
To read 'em it gave me enough,
They'r terms out of common use,
As diagonal hypotenuse,
Paralellogram, trapezium,
Words that would startle my old grannum,
I read 'em o're and o're {confound 'em,
But I've left 'em as I found 'em.

Yet gentlemen your humble slave
Dare not not presume to take his leave,
Without giving, a full narration
Of all his mighty preparation,
For the sublime and starry Nation;
Of late t'as been my chiefest care
When I from Ale-house time could spare,
To ramble round about the Town
In quest of some fine lofty Room;

I'm

At length on one I chanc'd to hit,
 Convenient and for purpose fit,
 Perhaps ye'l ask, where standeth it ;
 I'm not ashamed to declare it
 Being no less than Tholsel-garret,
 To morrow I'll about it treat
 Pray Jove the Rent be not too great
 I've stor'd my self with deell and all
 Of tackle Astrological ;
 A Sextant I have fitted thus ;
 Into a ten foot Radius ;
 Concentrick circle I have store,
 I think there's eight or half a score ;
 For to determine cusps o'th' Sun
 Likewise a line Meridian,
 The large Brass-Ball on Tholsel top,
 That's fix'd beneath the Weather-Cock ;
 Shall be my Globe when Painted new
 What think ye Sirs, will it not do,
 My quondam Pole will now I hope
 Serve me in room of Telescope ;
 But I am something at a loss,
 For Tube wherein to fix it's A—2,
 But I'll by help of Ladder level
 A cross stout Chantecleer it's Muzzle,
 Old Saturn then have at your Noddle.

Price one Penny.



F I N I S.